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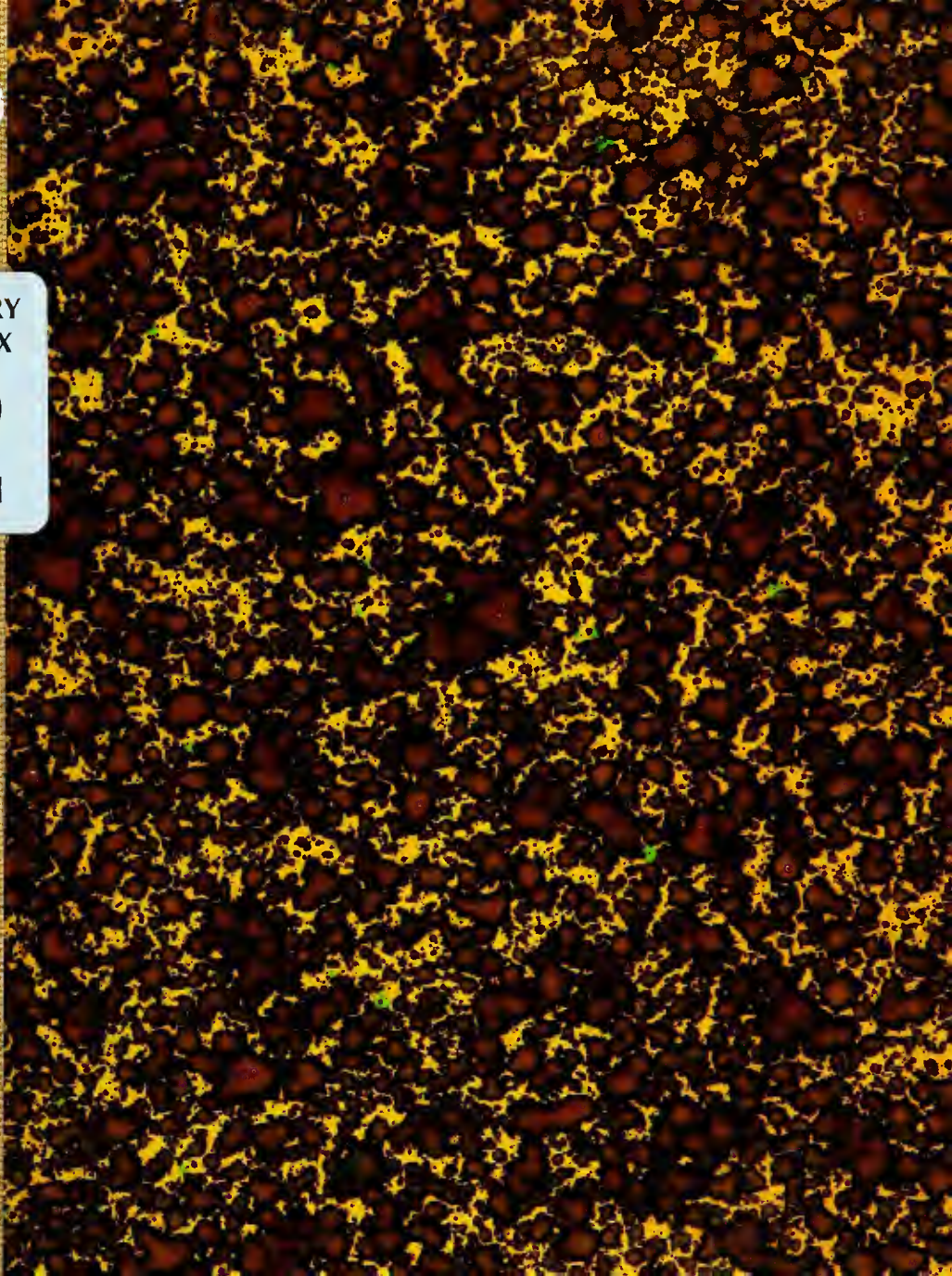
ANNEX
2



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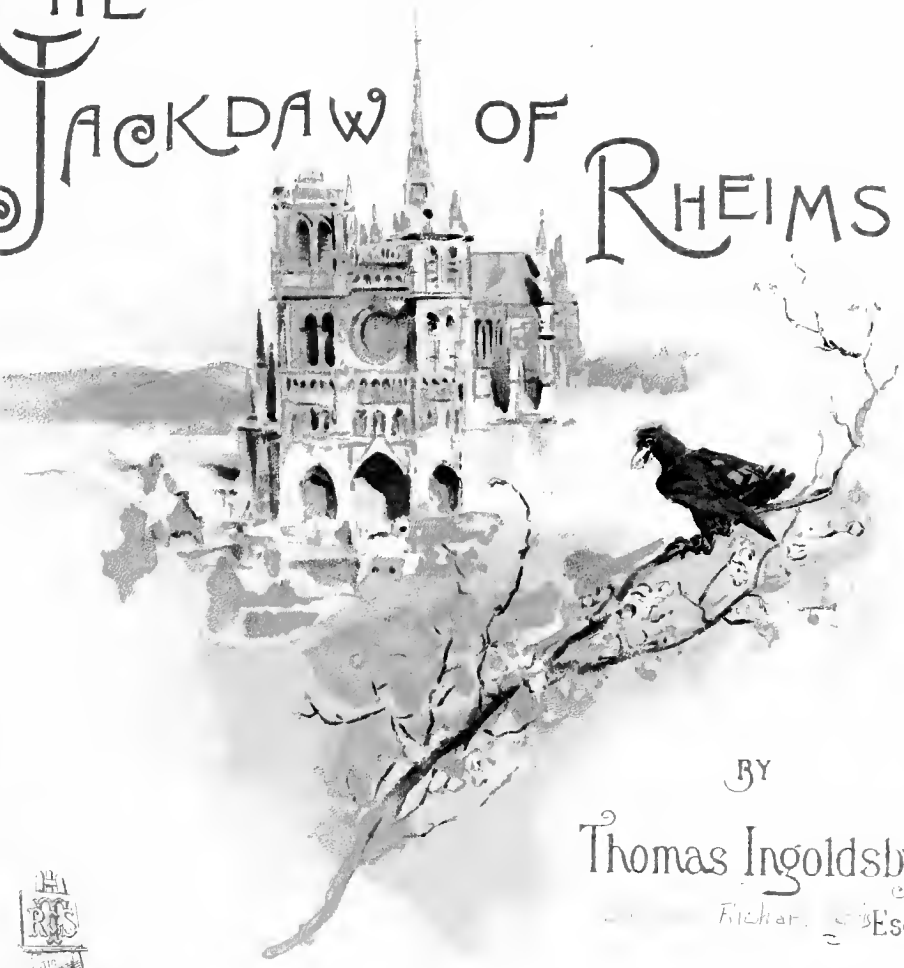
THE JACKDAW
OF RHEIMS

Geo. L. Burr
from Henry and Anna.
1911

The Jackdaw of Rheims



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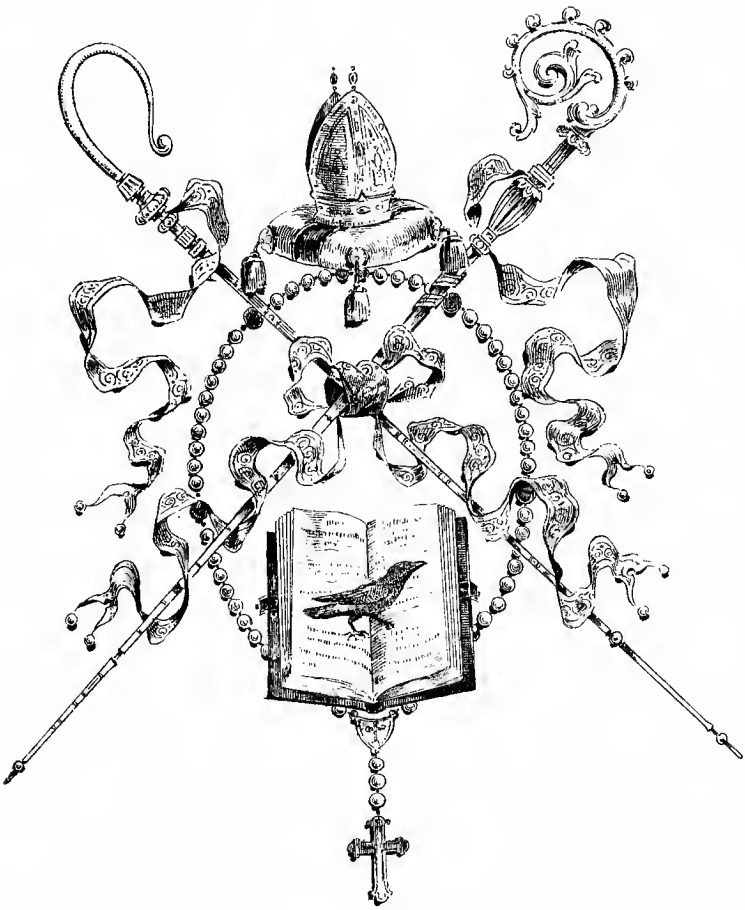
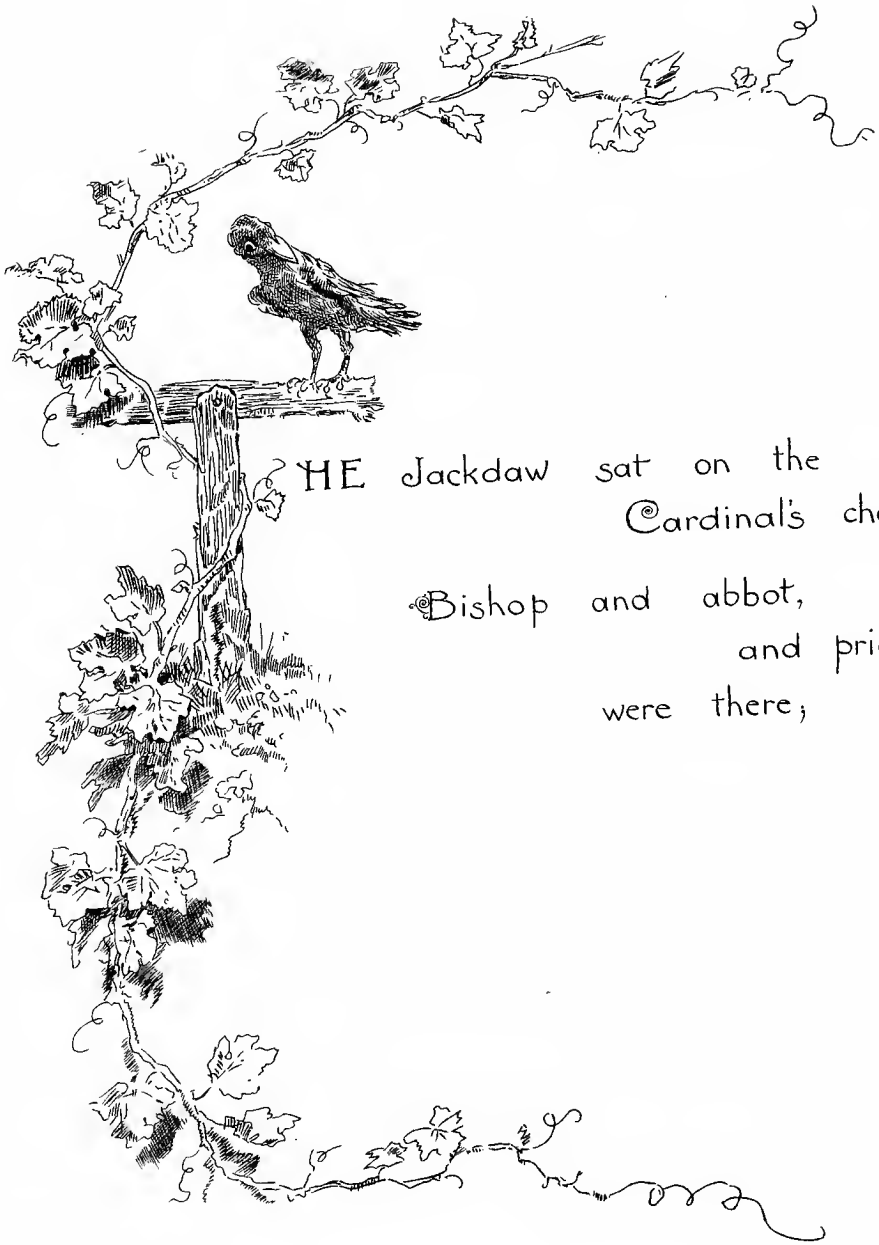
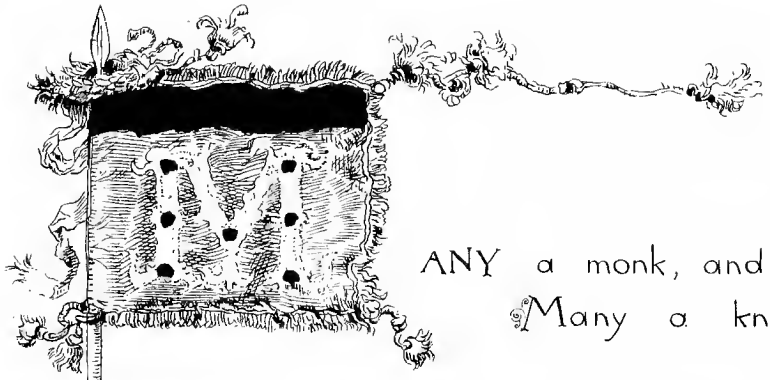
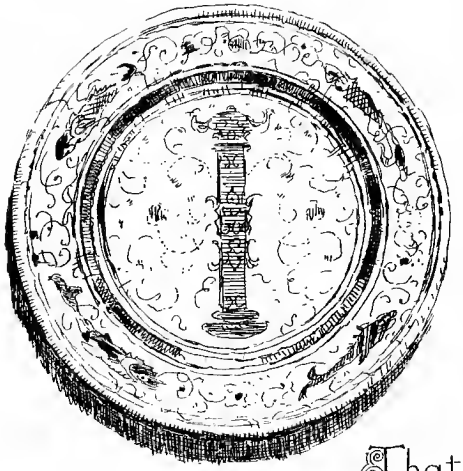




THE Jackdaw sat on the
Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot,
and prior
were there;



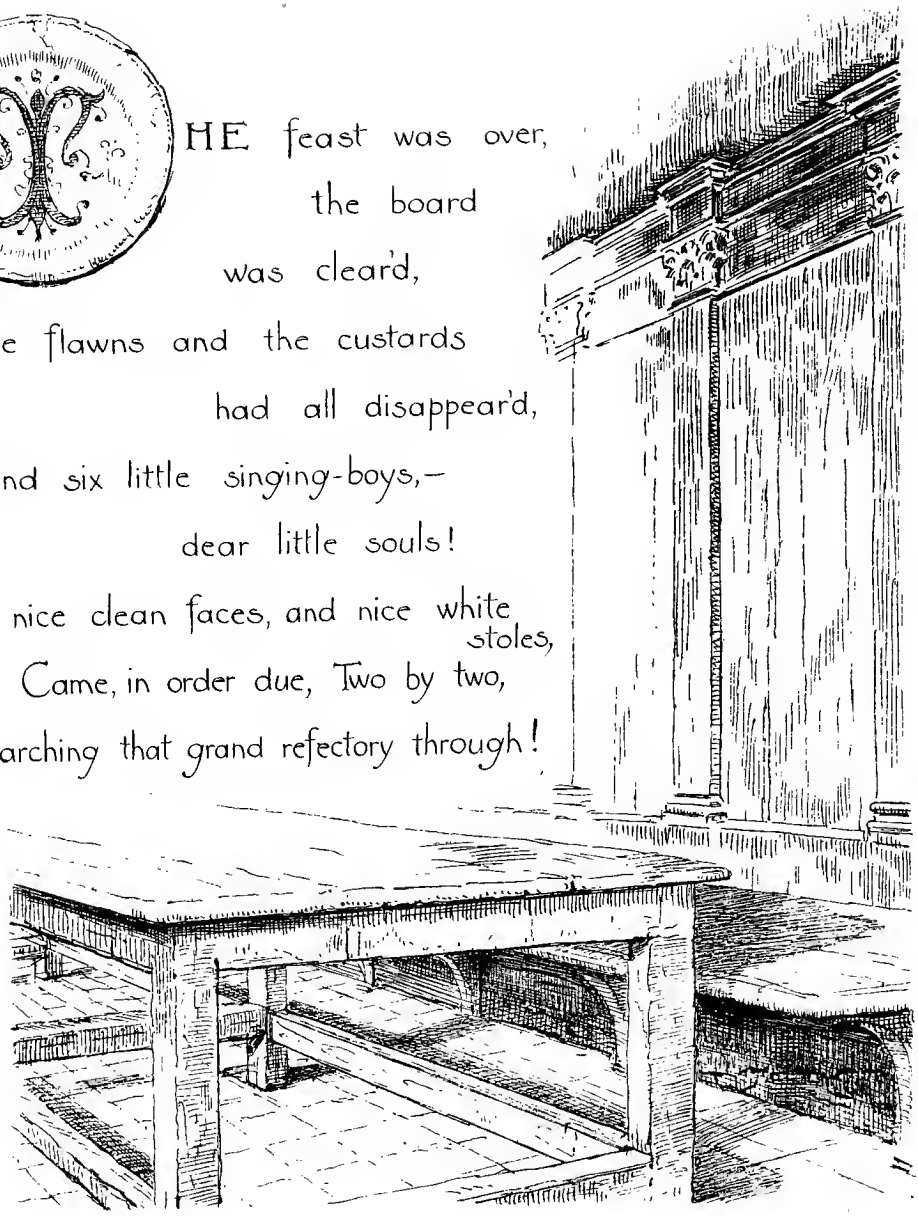
MANY a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and
many a squire,
With a great many more
of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate
on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of
in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop
of Rheims!



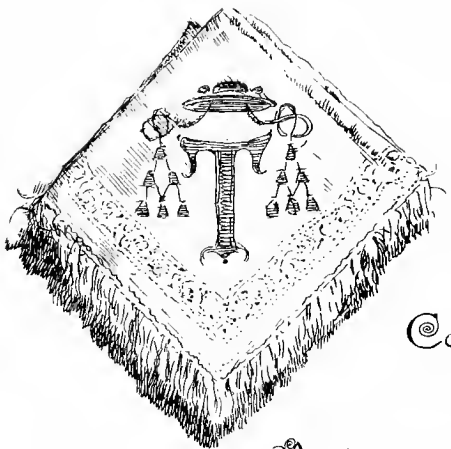
IN and out
Through the
motley rout,
That little Jackdaw
kept hopping about;
Here and there like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd
upon all !

With saucy air,
He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
'We two are the greatest folks here to-day!'
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, 'The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!'

THE feast was over,
the board
was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards
had all disappear'd,
And six little singing-boys,—
dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!



A nice little boy held
a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between
Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin
made to match.



TWO nice little boys,
rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and
Eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy
had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd
in 'permanent ink'.

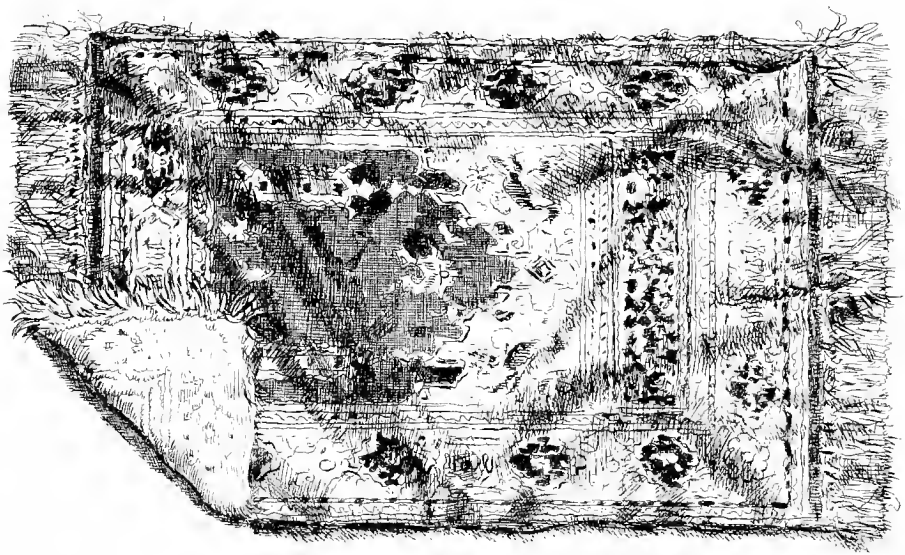
THE great Lord Cardinal
turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys all dress'd in white:
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about
little Jackdaws,

DEPOSITS it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys
on his Eminence wait;

TILL, when nobody's dreaming
of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off
with the ring!

HERE'S a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know
what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets
all turned inside out;

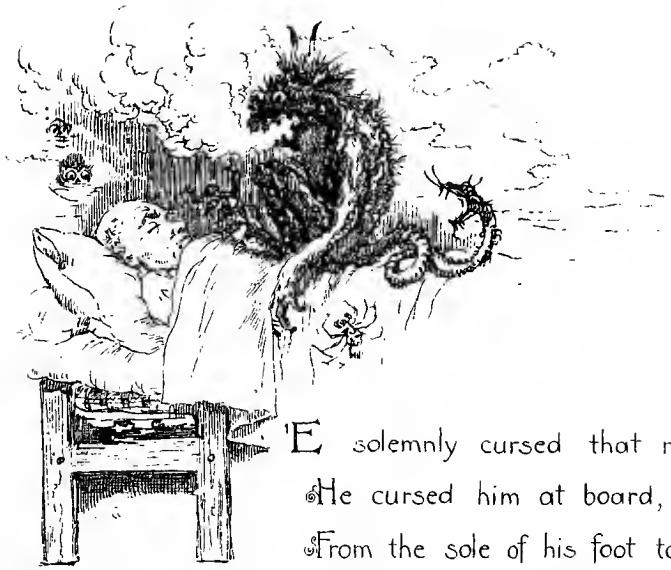
THE friars are kneeling,
And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls,
and the ceiling.



THE Cardinal drew
Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings
exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels
in the toes
and the heels;

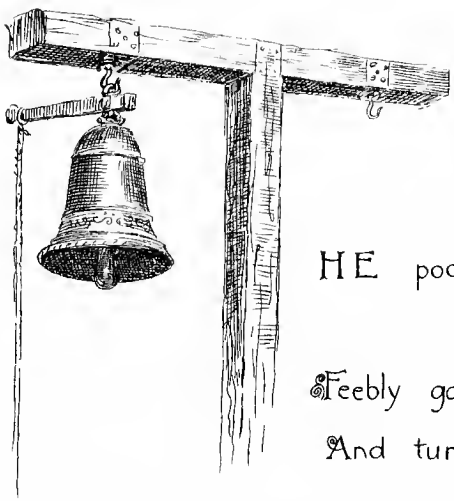
THEY turn up the dishes,—
they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker
and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs,
they examine the mugs:—
But, no!—no such thing;—
They can't find *The Ring*!
And the Abbot declared that,
'when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in,
and prigg'd it!'

THE Cardinal rose with
a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell,
and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,

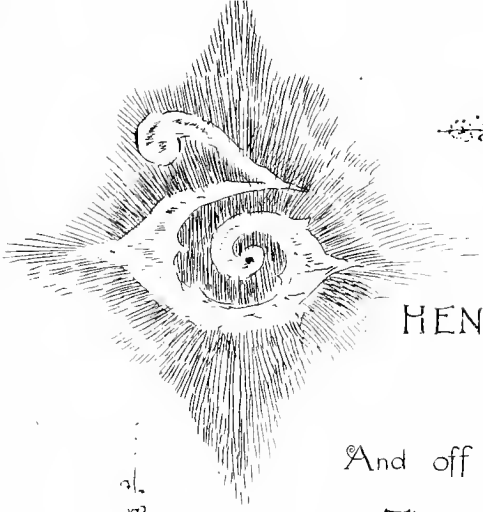


'E solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!'

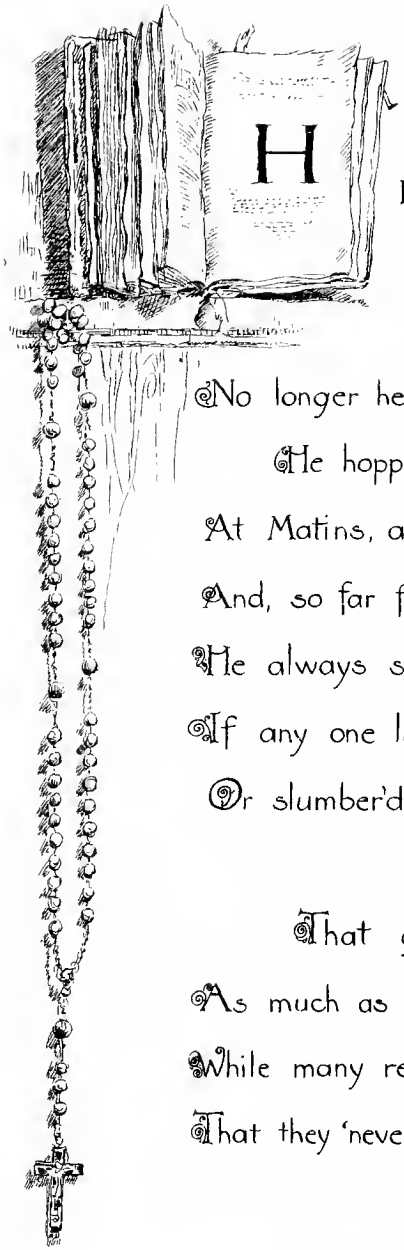
THE day was gone, The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay, As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd — he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, So wasted each limb.
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, '*That's him!*—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got
my Lord Cardinal's Ring!'



THE poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head,
as much as to say;
'Pray, be so good as to walk this way!'
Slower and slower he limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
'Midst the sticks and the straw
Was the *Ring* in the nest of that
little Jackdaw!

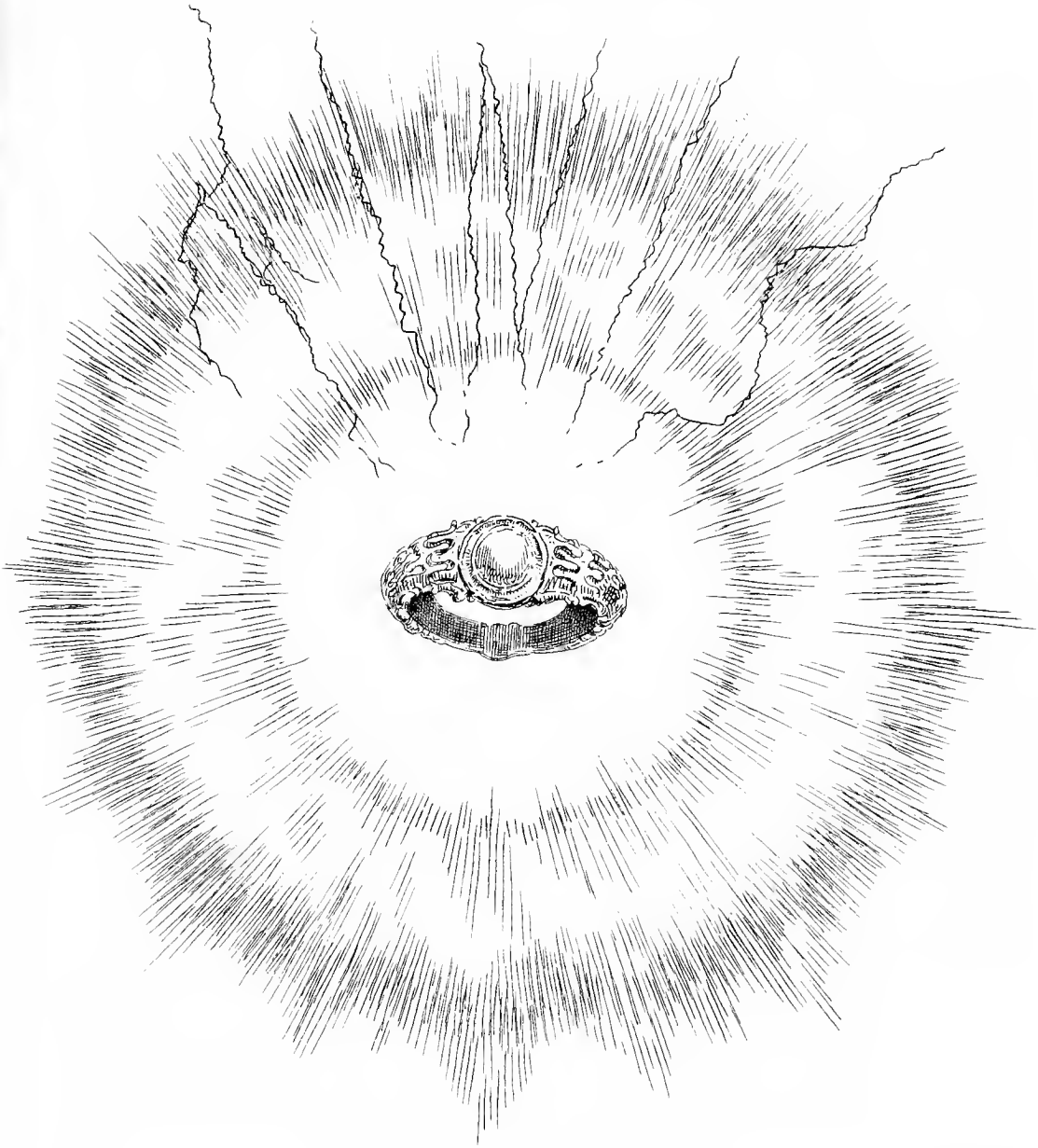


WHEN the great Lord Cardinal
call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek, and fat; In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!



HIS tail waggled more even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, — or if any one swore, —
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, 'Don't do so any more!'
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they 'never had known such a pious Jackdaw!'

HE long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint,
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!



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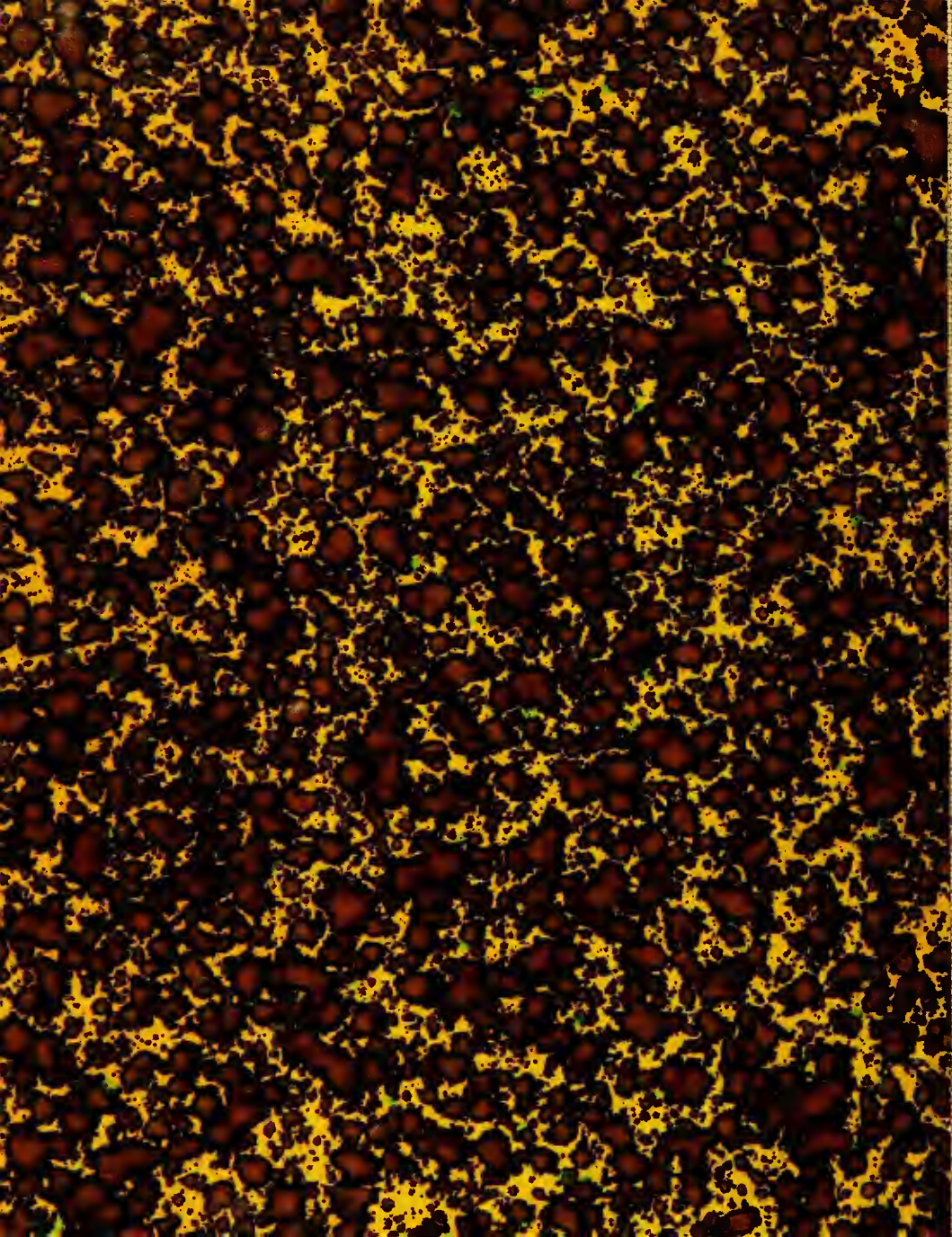
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